#### SALOMY JANE'S KISS. BY BRET HARTE.

Part I.

Only one shot had been fired. It had gone wide of its mark-the ringleader of the vigilantes-and had left Red Pete, who had fired furious gallop and concealed the flapping it, covered by their rifles and at their mercy. of the captive's loosened cords. The peace-For his hand had been cramped by hard ful vista-more suggestive of the offerings riding, and his eye distracted by their sudden onset, and so the inevitable end had whirlwind rush of stern armed men. The come. He submitted sullenly to his captors, westering sun pierced the subdued light and his companion fugitive and horse thief gave the tremor of leaves with yellow lances; not unlike relief. Even the hot and venge- like wings, and on either side of the trail of down by a rifle shot, but it would have been ridge, whence sloped the common turnpike unsportsmanlike and have ended in a free to "Sawyers," a mile away. It was the fight—instead of an example. And, for the matter of that, their doom was already hill at headlong speed, with shouts and sealed. Their end by a rope and a tree, al-cries that heralded their coming. They though not sanctified by law, would have at withheld the latter that day as inconsistent though not sanctified by law, would have at withheld the latter that day as inconsistent over at Red Pete's? Honeyfoglin' with a like a sensible girl, thought of something horsethief, eh?" said Mr. Clay two days regarded in the pursuit and capture. Yet looking only to their horses, when the sec- "I reckon you heard about the straight this strange logic of the frontier sufficed them, and gave a certain dignity to the

"Ef you've got anything to say to your folks, say it now, and say it quick," said the ringleader.

Red Pete glanced around him. He had been run to earth at his own cabin in the clearing, whence a few relations and friends -mostly women and children, noncombatants -had outflowed, gazing vacantly at the twenty vigilantes who surrounded them. All were accustomed to scenes of violence blood feud, chase and hardship; it was only the suddenness of the onset and its quick result that had surprised them. They looked on with dazed curiosity and some disappointment: there had been no fight to speak of-no spectacle! A boy-nephew of Red Pete-got upon the rain barrel to view the proceedings more comfortably; a tall, handsome, lazy Kentucky girl, a visiting neighbor, leaned against the deorpost, chewing gum. Only a yellow hound was actively perplexed. He could not make out if a hunt were just over or beginning, and ran eagerly backward and forward, leaping alternately upon the captives and the captors.

The ringleader repeated his challenge. Red Pete gave a reckless laugh and looked

At which Mrs. Red Pete came forward. It seemed that she had much to say-incoherently, furiously, vindictively-to the ringleader. His soul would roast in h-l for that day's work! He called himself of man, skulkin' in the open and afraid to show himself except with a crowd of other "Ki-ye's" around a house of women and children. Heaping insult on insult, inveighing against his low blood, his ancestors, his dubious origin, she at last flung out a wild taunt of his invalid wife-the insult of a woman to a woman-until his white face grew rigid, and only that western-American fetish of the sanctity of sex kept his twitching fingers from the lock of his rifle. Ever her husband noticed it, and with a halfauthoritative "Let up on that, old gal," and a pat of his freed left hand on her back. took his last parting. The ringleader, still white under the lash of the woman's tongue, turned abruptly to the second captive. "And if you've got anybody to say

chance confederate picked up by Red Pete, and known to no one. Still young, but an outlaw from his abandoned boyhood, of which father and mother were only an ugly forgotten dream, he loved horses and stole them, fully accepting the frontier penalty the captive's horse by the riata, thinking of life for the interference with that animal on which a man's life so often depended. But he understood the points of a horse, a few days before the property of Judge ously up the slope.

Boompointer. This was his sole distinction. The unexpected question stirred him for a moment out of the attitude of reckless indifference, for attitude it was, and a part of his profession. But it may have touched him that at that moment he was less than his companion and his virage wife. However, he only shook his head. As he did so his eye casually fell on the handsome girl by the doorpost, who was looking at him. The ringleader, too, may have been touched by his complete loneliness, for he hesitated. At the same moment he saw that the girl was looking at his friendless

A grotesque idea struck him. "Salomy Jane, ye might do worse than come yere and say 'goodby' to a dying man, and him a stranger," he said.

There seemed to be a subtle stroke of poetry and irony in this that equally struck the apathetic crowd. It was well known that Salomy Jane Clay thought no small potatoes of herself, and always held off the local swain with a lazy, nymph-like scorn Nevertheless, she slowly disengaged herself from the doorpost, and, to everybody's astonishment, lounged with languid grace and outstretched hand toward the prisoner The color came into the gray, reckless mask which the doomed man wore as her right hand grasped his left, just loosed by his captors. Then she paused, her shy, fawnlike eyes grew bold and fixed themselves upon him. She took the chewing gum from her mouth, wiped her red lips with the back of her hand, by a sudden lithe spring placed her foot on his stirrup, and, bounding to the saddle, threw her arms about his neck and pressed a kiss upon his

They remained thus for a hushed moment -the man on the threshold of death, the young woman in the fullnes of youth and beauty-linked together. Then the crowd laughed; in the audacious effrontery of the girl's act the ultimate fate of the two men was forgotten. She slipped languidly to the ground; she was the focus of all eyesshe only. The ringleader saw it and his opportunity. He shouted: "Time's upforward!" urged his horse beside his captives, and the next moment the whole cavalcade was sweeping over the clearing into the darkening woods.

Their destination was Sawyer's crossing, the headquarters c1 the committee, where the council was still sitting, and where both culprits were to explate the offense of which that council had already found them guilty. They rode in great and breathless haste-a haste in which, strangely enough, even the captives seemed to join. That haste possibly prevented them from noticing the singular change which had Red Pete, in stormy hysterics, had included a calf in the far pasture. Inclined as he taken place in the second captive since the her in a sweeping denunciation of the whole was to Reuben's wooing from his eligibility episode of the kiss. His high color re- universe-possibly for simulating an emotion as to property, he was conscious that he mained as if it had burned through his mask in which she herself was deficient. The was sadly deficient in certain qualities inof indifference. His eyes were quick, alert other women hated her for her momentary and keen, his mouth half open as if the exaltation above them; only the children be a kind of mesalliance. girl's kiss still lingered there. And that still admired her as one who had undoubtof the man who led him slipped in a gopher hung"-a daring flight beyond their wildest two squaws, who assisted her in her house hole, rolled over, unseated his rider and ambition. Salomy Jane accepted the change hold duties, to clear away the things while even dragged the bound and helpless second with charming unconcern. She put on her she went up to her own room to make her captive from Judge Boompointer's favorite yellow nankeen sunbonnet-a hideous affair bed. Here she was confronted with a posmare. In an instant they were all on their that would have ruined any other woman, sible prospect of that proverbial bed she feet again, but in that supreme moment but which only enhanced the piquancy of might be making in her willfulness, and on

0--000°=4+>0000--0\*2 cident, slowly working his hands down-

Their way lay through a sylvan wilderness, middle deep in ferns, whose tail Salomy Jane an undue importance, but the yielded in a sense of honor and fair play, fronds brushed their horses' sides in their girl's reserve and inaccessibility to local She had never been kissed like this before of nymphs and shepherds than of human sacrifice-was in a strange contrast to this protracted struggle with a feeling birds started into song on blue and dove-

advances were rather the result of a cool, she would never main—and yet the man was lazy temperament and the preoccupation of alive! And behold, she could see in the mira large, protecting admiration for her ror that she was blushing. father—for some years a widower. For Mr. She should hardly know Madison Clay's life had been threatened in one or two feuds-it was said, not with- and sunburnt cheek, a kind of fixed look out cause—and it is possible that the pa-thetic spectacle of her father doing his she could feel. Yet he was not at all like visiting with a shotgun may have touched Reuben-not a bit. She took Reuben's her closely and somewhat prejudiced her ful victors were content. They had taken this vengeful storm could be heard the against the neighboring masculinity. The their men alive. At any time during the murmur of hidden and tranquil waters. In thought that cattle, horses, and "quarter know this young man's name! That was long chase they could have brought them a few moments they would be on the open section" would one day be hers did not queer. To be kissed by a man whom she disturb her calm. As for Mr. Clay, he ac- might never know! Of course he knew hers.



A SUDDEN "VAQUERO" JERK.

The man looked up. Nobody stirred or spoke. He was a stranger there—being a that lay trailing on the horse's neck. A "What do you kalkilate Rube will only of another accident, dropped the line to save himself from being dragged back-

wards from his horse. The captive wheeled as was shown by the one he bestrode-until and the next moment was galloping furi-It was the work of a moment. A trained horse and an experienced hand. The cavalcade had covered nearly fifty yards before they could pull up: the freed captive had covered half that distance uphill. The road was so narrow that only two shots could be fired, and these broke dust two yards ahead of the fugitive. They had not dared to fire low. The horse was the more valuable animal. The fugitive knew this in his

extremity also, and would have gladly taken a shot in his own leg to spare that of his horse. Five men were detached to recapture or kill him. The latter seemed inevitable. But he had calculated his chances; before they could reload he had reached the woods again; winding in and out between the pillared tree trunks, he offered no mark. They knew his horse was superior to their



THEY REMAINED THUS FOR A MOMENT.

own; at the end of two hours they returned, for he had disappeared without track or trail. The end was briefly told in the

has so long cluded justice, was captured and a 'dyin' stranger' to Rube. He won't hung by the Sawyers' Crossing vigilantes swaller it." last week; his confederate, unfortunately, escaped on a valuable horse belonging to Judge Boompointer. The judge had refused \$1,000 for the horse only a week before. As the thief, who is still at large, would find it difficult to dispose of so valuable an animal without detection, the chances are in gettin' ketched, or in gettin' away arter!" against either of them turning up again.

it had disappeared. Then she became aware gun from the corner, departed on a peaceful that her brief popularity had passed. Mrs.

ond captive slipped his right arm from the thing, then," said Salomy Jane unconcern-

"I'll tell him that when he's on his way to be hung I'll kiss him-not till then," said the young woman brightly.

This delightful witticism suited the paternal humor and Mr. Clay smiled, but, nevertheless, he frowned a moment after-

"But this yer hoss thief got away arter all, and that's a hoss of a different color,'

he said grimly. Salomy Jane put down her knife and fork. This was certainly a new and different phase of the situation. She had never thought of it before, and, strangely enough, for the first time she became interested in the man. "Got away," she repeated. "Did

they let him off?" "Not much," said her father briefly. "Slipped his cords, and, going down the grade, pulled up short, just like a vaquero again' a lassoed bull, almost draggin' the man leadin' him off his hoss, and they skyutted up the grade. For that matter, on that hoss o' Judge Boompointer's, he mout have dragged the whole posse of 'em down on their knees of he liked! Sarved 'em right, too. Instead of stringin' him up afore the door or shootin' him on sight, they must allow to take him down afore the hull com mittee 'for an example.' 'Example' be blowed! Ther's example enough when some stranger comes unbeknownst slap onter a man hanged to a tree and plugged full of That's an example, and he knows what it means. Wot more do ye want? But then those vigilantes is allus clingin' and hangin' onter some mere scrap o' the law they're pretendin' to despise. It makes me sick! Why, when Jake Myers shot your ole Aunt Viney's second husband, and I laid in wait for Jake afterward in the Butternut hollow, did I tie him to his hoss and fetch him down to your Aunt Viney's cabin 'for an example' before I plugged him? No!" (in deep disgust.) "No! Why, I just meandered through the wood, careless like, till he comes out, and I just rode up to him,

ald I said-" But Salomy Jane had heard her father's story before. Even one's dearest relatives are apt to become tiresome in narration. 'I know, dad," she interrupted, "but this ver man-this hoss thief-did he get clean away without gettin' hurt at all?"

"He did, and unless he's fool enough to sell the hoss he kin keep away, too. So ye Red Pete, the notorious horse thief, who see, ye can't ladie out that purp stuff about

> "All the same, dad," returned the girl cheerfully, "I reckon to say it-and say

Madison Clay smiled grimly, pushed back his chair, rose, dropped a perfunctory kiss Salomy Jane watched the cavalcade until on his daughter's hair, and, taking his shot-Samaritan mission to a cow who had dropped herent in the Clay family. It certainly would

Left to herself, Salomy Jane stared a long while at the coffee pot, and then called the the second captive had felt that the cords which bound his arms, had slipped to his wrists. By keeping his elbows to his sides and obliging the others to help him mount it escaped their notice. By riding close to his captors, and keeping in the crush of the hound, and, waving her hand with a casual display of agile the scaped their notice. By riding close to this captors, and keeping in the crush of the hound, and, waving her hand with a characteristic concealed the ac
Bucking a Armica salve.

The BEST SALVE in the whord for Cuts, betting the blue-black bridge scape below which she must lie, in the photograph of a somewhat serious young man of refined a show that serious young man of refined dow frame. Salomy Jane smiled over her last witteism regarding him, and enjoyed it, like your true humorist, and then catching special control of the photograph of a somewhat serious young man of refined dow frame. Salomy Jane smiled over her last witteism regarding him, and enjoyed the throng, he further concealed the ac
The BEST SALVE in the word for Cuts.

Brules SALVE in the photograph of a somewhat serious young man of refined dow frame. Salomy Jane smiled over her last witteism regarding him, and enjoyed it, like your true humorist, and then catching special control of the which she must lie, in the photograph of a somewhat serious young man of refined dow frame. Salomy Jane smiled over her last witteism regarding him, and enjoyed it, like your true humorist, and then catching the fresh brunette skin—tied the strings, her fresh brunette skin—tied the strings, betting the others to help hound on her fresh brunette skin—tied the strings, her fresh brunette skin—tied the strings, betting the others to house a step low white secape below when these men who are desirous of leaving which seems of a such return to the photograph of a secure when these men will feel the which seems of the which seals to the which seems of the which seems of the which seals to the whore such the reventual triumph of the salow the string th

admiring nephew, flapped and fluttered away in her short brown holland gown.

Her father's house was four miles disafter all! Good Lordy! Fancy Reuben heartant. Contrasted with the cabin she had ing he was alive and going round with that just quitted it was a superior dwelling, with kiss of hers set on his lips! She laughed long "lean-to" at the rear, which brought again, a little more abstractedly. And he the eaves almost to the ground and made had returned it like a man, holding her tight it look like a low triangle. It had a long and almost breathless, and he going to b barn and cattle sheds, for Madison Clay was | hanged the next minute! Salomy Jane had a "great" stock raiser and the awner of been kissed at other times, by force, chance a "quarter section." It had a sitting room or strategem. In a certain ingenuous for-and a parlor organ, whose transportation feit game of the locality known as "I'm athither had been a marvel of "packing." pinin'," many had "pined" for a "sweet These things were supposed to give kiss" from Salomy Jane, which she had

> She should hardly know him again. A young man with very bright eyes, a flushed picture from the window and laid it on her workbox. And to think she did not even queer. To be kissed by a man whom she closet she found the brown holland gown she had worn on the day before, thought it very becoming and regretted that she had not worn her best gown on her visit to Red Pete's cottage. On such an occasion she cally might have been more impressive.

When her father came home that night she asked him the news. No, they had not captured the second horsethief, who was still at large. Judge Boompointer talked of invoking the aid of the despised law. It remained, then, to see whether the horsethief was fool enough to try to get rid of he animal. Red Pete's body had been delivered to his widow. Perhaps it would only be neighborly for Salomy Jane to ride over to the funeral. But Salomy Jane did not take to the suggestion kindly, nor yet did she explain to her father that, as the other man was still living, she did not care to undergo a second disciplining at the widow's hands. Nevertheless she contrasted her situation with that of the widow with a new and singular satisfaction. It might have been Red Pete who had escaped. But he had not the grit of the nameless one. She had already settled his heroic quality. "Ye aint harkenin' to me, Salomy."

Salomy Jane started. "Here I'm askin' ye if you've seen that hound. Phil Larrabee, sneaking by yer oday?"

Salomy Jane had not. But she became inerested and self-reproachful, for she knew that Phil Larrabee was one of her father's enemies. "He wouldn't dare to go by here unless he knew you were out," she said

"That's what gets me," he said, scratching his grizzled head. "I've been kind o' thinkin' o' him all day, and one of them Chinamen said he saw him at Sawyers' Crossing. He was a kind of friend o' Pete's wife. That's why I thought yer might find out of he'd been there." Salomy Jane grew more self-reproachful at her father's selfinterest in her "neighborliness." "But that ain't all," continued Mr. Clay. "Thar was tracks over the far pasture that warn't mine. I followed them and they went round and round the house two or three times, ez ef they mout hev bin prowlin', and then lost 'em in the woods again. It''s just like that speekin' hound Larrabee to hev bit lyin' in wait for me and afraid to meet a man fair and square in the open.".

"You just lie low, dad, for a day or two more, and let me do a little prowlin'," said

"You'll just stay where ye are, Salomy, said her father decisively. "This ain't no woman's work—tho! I sin't sayin' you haven't got more head for it than some men

(To be continued next Saturday.)

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WEDDING IN CHILKOOT PASS.

Unique Ceremontes Attending a Union in Far-Off Alaska. Never, perhaps, has there been a more nteresting wedding than that of Frank Brady, a strapping miner from Montana, and Marie Isharov, a Polish girl, who was traveling with her father toward the Klondike and met the American en route. The girl is much more than ordinarily good looking, and the stalwart Montanian is such a man as would find favor in the eyes of most women. He and the Polish travelers, with a number of others, were in camp together for some time, and the young couple soon took to each other. Young Brady proposed and was accepted, and Mr. Isharov, after careful inquiry, became convinced that his daughter had captivated a man who could and would provide well for her. So the wedding day was set, all arrangements being in the hands of the groom's friends. They decreed that there should be a wedding procession, and that it should begin at "the scales," ascend the famous steps cut in the snow and ice by the tread of gold seekers gone before, and that the wedding ceremony should take place on the summit

ried out to the letter. The wedding procession started from "the scales" at 11 a. m. Leading the way, ac cordion in hand, was Phil Ward of Virginia City, Mont., who manfully played a wedding march. Following Musician Ward were Ushers Gilbert and Siegfried, also of Virginla City. Then came the bride, accompanied and assisted by Bert Fenner. Miss sharov was sensibly attired in neat-fitting, nodest Klondike garments and appeared as shone. Following the bride came her father and Mrs. Decker, a handsome young widow from Puyallup, Wash., who was on her way bride's father came Ushers W. A. Stevenson. Knute Ellingson and William Nurnberger, all of Virginia City, and Arvin L. Kells of Dawson. Then followed a great crowd of interested spectators, many of them with loads of 160 pounds on their backs.

of Chilkoot pass. This program was car-

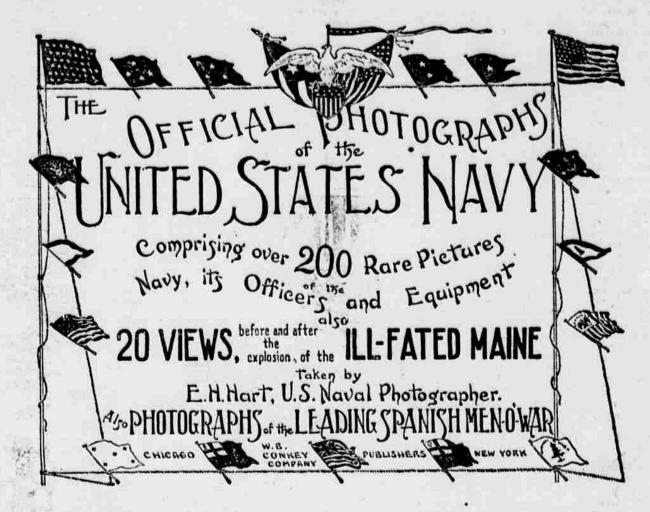
When the wedding procession reached the summit it was met by Rev. Christopher L. at that port. In fact, an actual panic now Mortimer, a Missouri minister, who is seeking fortune and souls to save in the gold fields. In a very short time the ushers had renity among all classes. But things have everybody picturesquely arranged for the first wedding on the Chilkoot summit.

It was a strange scene, this wedding cere mony upon the mountain's summit, and the Montana boys who had arranged it felt re paid as they looked around. A great crowd have been considerably strengthened and had gathered. Resting their heavy packs on the snow, this gathering of gold seekers from all parts of the earth stood with uncovered heads and reverently watched the minister of God join in noly wedlock the handsome Montana miner and the beautiful Polish girl. With their feet on American soil and their faces turned toward the land of the stars and stripes Frank Brady, a true Marie Isharov, a Polish girl, who fears not the hardships of the land of the midnight sun, were made one.

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THOUSANDS WOULD BE GLAD TO GET AWAY

Insurgents' Rapidly Taking Posses

sion of Portions of East End of the Island Which Spanish Formerly Held.

beginning to be felt here. Business is alto the interior. After Mrs. Decker and the at night, although the band plays there and captured by the insurgents. everything possible is done to keep up the spirits of the people. There is a feverish desire to leave the island, and over 5,000 people are booked at the office of the consignees of the French steamer Lafayette, which leaves here today for Vera Cruz, Mex., with this letter, which will be posted prevails, while when the blockade commenced there was a feeling almost of sechanged. The grim earnestness of the very high, it is calculated that there is food Americans is steadily forcing itself upon the minds of even the most hot-headed Spanish officers, though the latter are work- were laid in before the blockade, and no ing vigorously at the fortifications, which

> improved since the war began. The Spaniards, it must be admitted, are preparing to fight as desperately as possible been reduced one-half. This, however, was under the circumstances. Many families done before the blockade began. There are without means are striving to emigrate, try- thousands of men from the cigar, tobacco ing to borrow money from more fortunate and other factories out of work, and the looking forward with confidence to an eventpeople in order to be able to pay their pas- authorities are employing as many of them ual triumph over the American forces. They sage money. But it is hard to see how their condition will be improved to any considerable extent even if they succeed in leav- authorities considerable anxiety. Up to the soldiers, and are looking forward hopefully ing the blockaded city, for they have been present they have been provided with food to the blockade being raised by the naval rendered penniless and their chance of in one way or another, mainly by their earning a livelihood in a foreign country is former employers being compelled to convery slim. There is considerable feeling tribute to their maintenance, but the time against the men who are desirous of leaving must come when these men will feel the the roofs of the houses are immediately

HUNGER BEGINS TO PINCH it is true people here are entirely ignorant of what is transpiring at Santiago, no mail having been received from there for some time past, and the cable being in the hands of the government and almost exclusively devoted to further the military operations, which are about limited to evacuating the interior towns and concentrating the Spanish forces at or about the large cities. It is reported here than Santa Cruz del Sur, on the south coast of Puerto Principe, has fallen into the hands of the insurgents. If this is the case, the latter now have a port at which their friends can land arms, ammunition or supplies without interference.

Insurgents Take Interior Towns. Other important events are said to have transpired at Santa Cruz del Sur. (Copyright, 1898, by the Associated Press.) Espanola have reached Sancti Spiritus, HAVANA, May 9 .- (Via Vera Cruz, Mex., province of Santa Clara, by land, and are on May 13.)-The weight of the blockade is their way to Tunas, and from there by consting steamer to Cienfuegos. One remost at a complete standstill and there is port has it that the commander of the Cuba happy as any bride on whom the sun ever hardly any movement in the streets, which Espanola burned or blew up his vessel in have a sort of holiday appearance. The order to save it from falling into the hands parks are almost deserted and there are very of the insurgents. Another version of the few people to be seen on the Plaza de Armas affair says the gunboat may have been

Confirmation has been received here that the Spanish troops have evacuated Jiguna and Bayamo, in the province of Santiago de Cuba, and that they have been occupied by the insurgents. The Spaniards say the troops destroyed those two towns before leaving them, but this is not believed. The troops from these places retreated upon Manzanillo, and some of them have reached

other coast towns by this time. Although the prices of provisions here are enough obtainable to last about five months, because, it is asserted, considerable stores provisions are allowed to be sent from here to the interior towns. Eggs cost 10 cents each; a glass of milk costs from 20 to 25 cents, and the size of the loaf of bread has as possible on the fortifications. The number of men idle is a matter which causes the

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latter. The bulk of the Spaniards, however, are filled with warlike enthusiasm and aro have great faith in the strength of the Spanish fleet and the valor of the Spanish force sent from Spain. As soon as a few cannon shots are heard from the forts the shores of the bay, San Lazaro avenue and crowded with people, who cheer wildly when shot is seen to fall anywhere near one of the American war ships.

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